

# One Life Remaining

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Summary: The series follows the life of a young man named Anthony Heitzmann. Anthony is a socially awkward but intelligent gamer and High school graduate who has a hard time with society and friends. The series follows him as he learns about life.

## 1. character page

### Character Page

#### \*\*Anthony Hietzmann\*\*

Anthony is the main character of One Life Remaining. Anthony is a gamer who is socially-awkward for good reasons, seeing how most of the people he knows are simply jerks or just are plain dislikeable. He was picked on in school and was considered "weird." Anthony also has a strong liking in electronics, and has programmed a few games before. He is looking to pursue a career in a gaming business. The series is all about his life. It focuses on how he learns about life, friends, love, and how to face the world.

#### \*\*Chad Meuller\*\*

Chad is Anthony's roomate and best friend. Chad is a friendly but lazy gamer who is independantly wealthy, drinks nothing but beer and eats nothing but junk food. However, Chad deeply takes friendship and has a very soft side. For a better understanding of Chad, see Bachelor Frog. He is a very supportive of Anthony Heitzman, and hangs out with him often. Chad smokes illegal tobacco often with Anthony and Peter.

Chad is also a friend of Peter Patterson, a.k.a. "Pete the Elite."

Chad owns a whole gaming system with many old games serving as a basis.

**\*\*Peter Patterson\*\***

Peter is Chad and Anthony's former next door neighbor and currently their new roommate. Peter is a poor elite that is barely keeping a job and has been Chad's best friend for about two years. He was often bullied in college by a "closet homosexual", and seems to have some insecurities

**\*\*Sarah Fielding\*\***

. Sarah was a close friend of Anthony's at college. She was nice to Anthony, and saw things the way Anthony did. However, before she met Anthony, she was in a relationship with another boyfriend who was verbally abusive to her and did not care for her. Sarah hooked back up with him two years after she met Anthony. Anthony was quick to dislike her boyfriend, who laughed at him shortly after meeting him. Sarah invited Anthony out to a restaurant with her boyfriend. Anthony told Sarah he'd be at the restaurant, but he never showed up.

**\*\*Kathryn Mann\*\***

Kathryn went on a couple dates with Anthony later on in the story but they both ended horribly.

**\*\*(Not much can be reviled about this character without giving away spoilers.)\*\***

**\*\*Deborah Hietzmann\*\***

Deborah Heitzmann is Anthony's mother. She decides to take Anthony to a restaurant after graduation. Later on though, her and Anthony have a heated fight where Anthony unintentionally makes her cry. Deborah is portrayed as a mother who does not understand her son, but deeply loves him and tries heightening his social status frequently.

**\*\*Larry Hietzmann\*\***

Anthony's father, he works as a clown-for-hire for children's birthday parties. It's implied the job doesn't earn much and that kids sometimes throw cake at him (among other things).

**\*\*Hobo\*\***

A shady figure who hangs out near Anthony, Peter, and Chad's apartment. Not much is known about him. Anthony once tried to get him to share a sandwich that the hobo was in possession of, but the hobo was unwilling. The gang later calls in the hobo to play some video games, although the hobo cannot understand them.

**\*\*Chris\*\***

Chris is a high school bully jock who spends most of his time drinking beer, working out, picking on helpless nerds, and speeding in his mothers car. He is Becky's girlfriend. Chris picks on Anthony repeatedly even though Anthony is smarter than him and actually has reasons to dislike him.

**\*\*Becky\*\***

Chris's girlfriend in the first couple of episodes. Serves at the Noodles and Balls Italian Restaurant. Referred to as the (Writing missing) by Anthony Heitzmann.

## 2. The Graduation

CH1 the graduateâ€|

July 19th, 2557

Graduation day. \*sigh\*. The music was muffled by the walls we were waiting behind.

I looked to my right.

"Dude I bet I can drink more beer than you can!"

"Oh yeah, we'll see about that tonight!"

I looked to my left.

"Oh my gosh guys did I tell you about this funny video I saw? It's a guy mouthing the numa numa song."

"That sounds hilarious!"

I looked in front of me and started to tone them out so my ears didn't start bleeding and began to impatiently wait until this was over.

\_\*\*2 hours later\*\*\_

"I am so proud of you Anthony! I was so nervous I couldn't keep my hands from shaking while I was taking your picture!" my mom said to me.

"Ugh, what's the big deal all we're celebrating is the fact that I could tolerate twelve years of school without putting a gun in my mouth."

"Anthony! I don't like you talking like that. You should be very proud of yourself."

"Whatever, are we going home now?"

"Absolutely not! I'm taking my graduate son out for a celebration at a place of his choosing."

"No, mom can't we just eat at home?"

"If your not going to make this day special for yourself I'm going to do it for you!" I groaned.

\_\*\*Noodles n' balls. (Italian restaurant)\*\*\_

"Anthony, what's the matter isn't this nice?"

"It's nice mom I'm just not comfortable eating out in this

town."

"Why is that?"

"Because all the workers are assholes I recognize from school."

"Anthony! Language!"

I looked around. "Ah, see like her." I pointed her out.

"That's Becky she's probably my school's alpha-tramp she's got more diseases then the entire cast of 28 days later."

"Anthony! That's not nice!"

"Oh God she's coming over here. Hope you got your vaccines."

"Will you stop?"

"Hello! Can I get you guys something to drink to start?"

"Tea please."

" Okay! How about you?"

"Uh just a water please."

A few seconds of silence passed then my mom said. "This is my son Anthony he says he knows you from school."

"Oh my god really? Oh yeah your that guy that plays games in the computer lab during lunch right."

"Uh yeah that's me."

"Oh cool what kinda games do you play, like super Zelda brothers or something?"

I remained silent. " Heh, your so quiet." I continued to stay silent.

"Well anyway I'll be right back with your drinks." "okay thank you."

"I think she's very nice you should ask her out."

"Ha yeah right she only dates jocks and she's got a new boyfriend every week, besides she's only nice now because she's on her work shift she's actually a total bitch."

"Anthony!"

\_\*After dinner\*\_

Thanks for dinner mom I sarcastically said in my mind.

"Oh, bye! What's your name again?" I heard Becky call from the entrance.

"Uh, Anthony."

"Bye Alan!"

"Bye!" Bitch. All of a sudden a girly looking warthog pulled up blasting heavy metal.

"Hey baby girl. Who's that a-hole?"

"Oh, I don't know one of those computer nerds from school."

"Ay yo, you hitting on my girl?"

"No."

"Well, that's good cuz' if you were we'd have a big problem. Y-you want a big problem?"

"No."

"Oh my god Chris leave him alone."

"No, no, it's okay we're just playin' around ain't that right?"

"Iâ€|guess?"

"Yeah, okay, buckle up baby girl we gotta go to the liquor store on the way to josh's party."

"Woo yeah! I love going fast!" he proceeded to do donut's all over the parking lot then drive away as fast as possible.

"Wow your so fast no wonder she's into you." I said sarcastically.

"What an asshole."

I got into the car and we started driving away.

"Was that one of your friends from school?"

"Hardly."

"Are he and that girl together?"

"Yeah."

"Oh, that's a shame."

"Yeah, I'm holding back the tears."

A few seconds of silence.

"At least they make a good couple."

"Well that's very nice of you to say." I smiled.

"I'm sure they'll have a fantastic week long relationship."

\*\*End of CH1\*\*

### 3. The Party

Ch 2 The party

Anthony's Pov

I sat in front of my TV looking at the screen with a concentrated look on my face. I was playing a speed run of sonic the bleep of me collecting coins sounded through the speakers. My mom then walked in a look of horror on her face as she looked at the screen.

"Oh my god, it's no wonder kids are so troubled when they're at home playing such horrible video games like this!"

"Jesus Christ mom it's sonic this game's like 600 years old. Have you even seen present day violent video games? They're photo realistic, motion controlled, virtual realities, and a hair away from genuine murder."

"Is this not a new game?"

"Ha. No. You only need to look at the graphics I could stick a paintbrush up my ass and draw better things on toilet paper."

"Why are you playing it then?"

"Because it's awesome. They don't make games like this anymore, not since so much attention was put on graphics and all that motion control horseshit at the beginning of the millennium."

As my mom was once again going to confront me about my language the door opened and my dad walked in and they started a conversation.

"Hey guys!"

"Hey, how was work?"

I started in.

"Those kids throw cake at you again?"

"Among other things. Any way I'm really sorry I couldn't make it to your graduation Anthony."

"It's cool I don't care. I didn't even want to be there."

I knew what was coming.

"And stop looking at each other, I'm not just saying I don't care and crying myself to sleep because you missed my grad, I really don't give a shit."

"Anthony!"

"I'll make it up to you, I promise."

"I don't care!"

Moment of silence.

"God, why is tails such a fucking idiot!"

My mom sighed.

"So what have you got planned tonight?"

"Beating this game. Or in other words nothing."

"Are you kidding me? There's nothing you want to do?"

"I don't really have any friends, and it's not that I'm socially awkward it's just that everyone at school is just a butthole."

"I don't know how you expect to make friends if you don't give anyone a chance."

"I don't."

"Won't you please go out and do something?"

"Besides the fact that grad sucks ass and isn't even worth celebrating, I'm actually kind of contempt on beating sonic 2 right now."

"Didn't that boy at the restaurant say there was going to be a party why don't you go to that?"

I laughed.

"Josh's party? Sure let me grab my coat."

"Really?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because josh is a dick and so is everyone else going to his retarded party."

"I'm not letting you spend your graduation in this house. I want you to go to that boy's party!"

"No!"

\_\*\*A few minutes of being forced into a car later\*\*\_

We arrived at the front door of a house booming with music.

"I cannot believe I'm here."

"Just attempt to have fun. I'll be back to pick you up at 9:00."

"Mom, 9:00 is when these assholes start to party! If you come pick me up everyone's going to make fun of me defeating the purpose of me to

make friends here!"

"There's nothing funny about your mom picking you up."

"I know but they'll all laugh anyway because they're insecure."

"More than you?"

Silence.

I sighed got out of the car and walked to the door.

"This sucks!"

"I'll be back at 9:30." She drove away.

"Wow an extra half hour don't go crazy mom."

I rang the doorbell. A guy who looked wasted came to the door.

"Hi."

"Who're you?"

"Anthony."

"Did I invite you?"

"No."

He slammed the door shut.

"That went well."

I rang the doorbell again. He answered the door again. When he opened the door I looked around.

"Man who was that guy at the door just now what a loser!"

"Who're you?"

"I'mâ€¦ Dillon you invited me here a couple days ago. I like to drink beer and have underage sex."

"Oh well in that case welcome to the party bro wooooooo!"

"Thanks, you fuckin' asshole." I walked past him.

"Uh, what?"

The party was booming with noise.

Another guy walked up to me.

"Hey Dillon, can you hold my beer I'm so wasted."

He stumbled and slid down the wall. I swished the beer around in my hand.

"This can is practically full."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning you're a poser asshole who's not actually drunk."

"Says you."

"Says, you're barely touched can of pussy light beer!"

I then heard voices from upstairs,

"Oh shit, I only have 8 condoms I'm gonna have to go get some more!"

"It's okay I'm on the pill."

"No, I have to go to the drug store I'll be back soon baby girl."

I heard clunking noises as feet hit the stairs. Oh no. He looked at me.

"Hey I know you! You're the guy that was hitting on my girl!"

"Believe me I wouldn't hit your girl friend unless I had a baseball bat or the cure for AIDS!"

\_Thwack! Crash!\_

I flew back and hit the glass coffee table. It shattered.

\_\*\*30 mins of waiting for my mom later...\*\*\_

"Thanks for 'talking' me into going out tonight mom you were right as always."

"How's you're nose?"

"Still bleeding."

\*\*End of CH 2\*\*

#### 4. The Fight

CH3 The fight

\_\*\*The hietzmann residence\*\*\_

"Here let me see. Oh it's not that bad."

"Yes it is. I'm bleeding like I've been shot."

My dad walked in.

"Hey what happened?"

"My face exploded."

"A boy broke his nose at the party."

"You're kidding me."

"What was his name again, Chris? I'm going to call his mother."

"No!"

"Get me the phonebook."

"NO! Don't phone his parents! Dad don't give her the phonebook come back here. Hello? I-I'm sorry can anybody hear me right now? God damnit."

I sighed and sat down by the TV wondering what the level select codes were again. I overheard mom talking to the parents.

"Hello, is this the Richards residence?"

"MOM NO! HANG UP THE PHONE!"

"Hi, I'm calling to inform you that your son chris gave my son a broken nose at a party tonight."

"Mom, god damnit!"

"Yes I'm hoping he were to have a talking to and give my son an apology."

"Mom, if you were anyone else I would tackle you to the ground, but you're my mom and I can't do shit so all I can do is plead that you'd fucking listen to me and hang up the god damn phone!"

"That's great thank you so much it was nice talking to you, Bye. There all taken care of. Chris will be apologizing to you tomorrow."

"No he's going to break my fucking legs, this is so lame!"

"What is lame!"

"Mom, you don't understand what happened, I dissed his girlfriend that's why he punched me. Why the hell would he apologize?"

"Why did you insult his girlfriend?"

"Because she's an idiot with a PHD in gonorrhea!"

"Anthony!"

"Oh god."

"You shouldn't have done that Anthony that wasn't the right thing to do."

"Yeah well."

"For goodness sake you can't even got to a party for 5 minutes

without causing trouble why can't you get along with people? I don't know why I even bother."

"I don't either."

"I bet you don't even have a prom date yet."

"Of course I don't prom's fucking retarded!"

"How many times have I told you to watch your language! Do you even listen to yourself? Prom's retarded, parties are retarded. Everything's retarded!"

"God I can't wait to move out!"

"What?"

"I SAID I CAN'T WAIT TO MOVE OUT!"

She turned her head for a second then walked away. Dad looked at her, back at me then followed her. I lowered my head.

"Things will change once I have my own place. I'll be a lot happier."

\_\*\*Four years laterâ€|.\*\_\*

I sat in my apartment staring at the wall just thinking. 'I wonder how many different ways I could kill myself. I could bang my head against the wall over and over, but that would really hurt. I guess I could hang myself from the ceiling.' I looked up at the weak and cracked structure. 'But I don't really like the thought of strangulation, plus there's nowhere to hang a rope not that it would even hold my weight with a hook. Where could I even get a hook like home depot or something? I wonder if home depot is open. Does home depot sell guns? Yeah, yeah if I were to kill myself that's what I would do just shoot my self in the head.'

But what if I miss? Then I would be disfigured for life and probably locked up or something, I'd have to get it right the first time or I'd be fucked. Haven't people survived gunshots to the head? What if I fucked up and just turned into a vegetable? Maybe I should just use a shotgun to make sure the job gets done. How much are shotguns, how much are any guns for that matter? How much is ammunition even? I don't think I could afford either I can barely afford groceries. Fucking jawbreakers for dinner, can't even chew the things without breaking my jaw. Guess that's why they call em' jawbreakers.

Jawbreakers and milk, a real man's meal. How do you even find out this stuff is there like, a pamphlet I missed growing up? I hate organic stuff, like bread if you don't throw it in the freezer immediately it like gets mold all over it. And what's up with yogurt, you eat it and it barely fills you up the you toss it in the trash and the next day your kitchen is infested with fruit flies. Where do they come from? If god exist what the hell is the point of making fruit flies? He made a lot of stupid decisions. Why didn't he make it so people crapped chocolate cake? If he could make it smell bad then why couldn't he make it smell good?

Surely if he created all this he had infinite possibilities to work with so why not just make everything awesome? I should have been in charge, I would have made it so people crapped chocolate cake and outlawed mold and fruit fliesâ€¦ and billabong t-shirts, seriously people who wear more than one piece of billabong clothing at one time should be shot in the fucking head.'

My phone started ringing and I answered it.

"Hey sweetheart it's mom."

"Oh, hey mom."

"Just calling to see how your doing, how are you?"

"Justâ€¦ you knowâ€¦ I don't know."

"How are you with money."

"Not that great. I had jawbreakers for dinner."

"Oh, for goodness sake."

"And milk. I think I'm gonna get evicted soon. I'm behind in rent payments."

"You need to find a good job, you have a degree in computer sciences, there must be tons of people looking for you."

"Yeah well, I haven't found any yet."

"Well until you do you should find a new place and a room with another person."

"No mom, I'm not the roommate type, I need space."

"Well you don't have much choice, we would help you but were struggling ourselves."

"No, I wouldn't ask you guys anyway. Your right I guess I'm just gonna have to do that."

"I love you."

"Yeah, alright see you mom."

"Bye."

I hung up. 'A roommate greatâ€¦' then it clicked in my head.

"Hey maybe I can find one with a shotgun!"

\*\*End of CH3\*\*

## 5. Meeting Chad

\*\*Ch 4 Meeting Chad\*\*

\_\*\*3 Months after the events of the previous chapterâ€¦\*\*\_

I sighed walking down the street.

"Well I guess that's it, spent 3 months looking for a roommate, couldn't find a damn one, I'm broke, and I'm getting kicked out of my place in 3 days. I will be a hobo for the rest of my life."

I looked over to see a hobo sitting against a wall.

"Might as well start now."

I slowly looked at the hobo next to me.

"Hey."

"Heeeeey."

"Want to go collect cans or something?"

He shook his head. I sighed again.

"Hey, is that a turkey sandwich? Think I could have some of that?"

"No."

"No? Not even half?"

"No, i-I don't share my sandwiches."

"You see the problem there is you're not a sandwich sharer guy are you?"

"No. I-it's my sandwich."

"Nope definitely not a sandwich sharer guy, don't share sandwiches, this is my sandwich and I'm not gonna share it. That's you. That was my impression of you there."

I looked away finally giving up. I saw the houses and front of me and realized that there was a sign in front of one of the houses that had the word literally spelled out 'VaKAnsY' in sharpie.

"Looks like I won't be a hobo after all. You enjoy that turkey sandwich man. Still don't like the whole sharing thing?"

"N-no. I don't share my sandwiches, No."

I walked up to the door a victorious grin on my face, and rang the doorbell. A man who looked to be maybe about two years older than me in green clothing stepped out.

"Heyâ€| man, what's up. What is up?"

"Uh, hey, I'm here about the, roommate thing."

"Ohh. You're here about theâ€| yeah man, the roommate thing. You know I need a roommate tooâ€|. Oh wait! I am me! I'm me and I live in this house. It's got all my stuff in it."

"Yeah."

"Yeeahh. How did you know?"

"Heh, y-you just told me."

"I, Did? When was that? It wasn't 3 days ago was it? Because I was at the video store that day renting GhostBusters.

Silence.

"I don't mean to sound uncool but why are you here?"

"T-theâ€| u-uh t-the roommate thing."

"Ohh. Yeahh. The roommate thing! I'm so sorry about that, why the hell aren't you in here? Why aren't y-. Get in here!"

I walked through the door to what I'm sure was probably the inside of a dead rat.

\_\*\*Chad's apartment\*\*\_

"Ok, This is the room, the main house room, and this is where the stuff goes."

"So I just put my stuff in here?"

"You, put your stuff in here. That's right, this is the stuff room. It goes in here. Alright so, everyone's laid back here, I'm laid back so, there's only a couple rules. Don't eat my Mr. noodles, and if you're gonna whack off don't do it in the kitchen or the living room, and try to keep the noise down after seven cuz' the neighbor's a prick. Oh, and I like to smoke a lot so I hope you don't mind it being a little bit smoky in here. Any questions?"

"Can I move in today?"

\_\*\*2 hours of moving stuff laterâ€|\*\*\_

I sat by the TV staring in awe.

"Dude you've got like every game system ever made."

"Yeah, I know. The Sega CD is fucked but I got a 32X in the basement somewhere."

"You've got a gold cartridge ocarina of time and majora's mask?"

"Yeah man."

"And the NES still has super Mario brothers 3 in it. This is like my dream collection."

"Oh, well thanks bro, if you want to play a game you'd be very welcome to."

"Oh, no thanks, I'm good."

I waited for a second before sitting down on the couch.

"Hey do you mind if I watch some TV?"

"Hey what's mine is yours."

I turned the TV on and went channel surfing.

"What the hellâ€¦ The O'Brian factor? Isn't that show like 500 years old?"

"Oh yeah, in 2011 they cryogenâ€¦ically froze Dan O'Brian and just woke him up two weeks ago but he's on some life support. The network's trying to get his show back on."

(TV) "What's that say? On my status screen indicator, battery low. What does that mean? Fuckin' thing sucks!"

(Real time) "Oh don't have that too loud my neighbor's gonna hear it and he's gonna get super pissed because he hates this show."

"What's the big deal, it's just a TV show?"

"It's because O'Brian always going on about my neighbor's kind being terrorists."

"Terrorists?"

"Yeah, my neighbor's the C word."

"Oh."

"Covenant!"

"Oh!"

"I mean I'm still a little ticked about the whole, annihilating mankind thing, but the guy's cool. You don't have a problem with that do you?"

"Oh no, I don't care."

"Phew, good. I thought you might be one of those intolerant guys."

"I thought your neighbor was a prick."

"He is! Well, you know how it is."

"Right."

Then surprising me the doorbell rang.

"Crap, that's probably him now, his name's peter, don't mention his split jaw he gets all sensitive."

"Hey Pete what is it?"

"Mne meesh hobba sloaw da shon snow." (I wanna borrow your Johnny mnemonic DVD.)

"Fuck you, you wanna borrow my Johnny mnemonic DVD. You still got my Hard drive. I'm cool with letting you borrow shit but I got like a one item limit at a time man. And you owe me five dollars for all those chips still."

"An en fad!" (You're a fag!)

"Yeah I'm a fag, that's why I let people borrow my shit. I'll call you tomorrow dude."

"Yeea." (A'ight.)

Chad came back inside.

"He's a Keanu reeves fan. I actually liked that 'Day the earth stood still' movie."

"Again, another reference to 5 century old media."

"No, they made a remake that just came out with Keanu reeves in it. Again. He was frozen with dan O'Brian."

I tried to say as little to this I could so I just sighed.

"I'm starving would you mind if I had some of your noodles?"

"Heh, you know what, if you had taken my Mr. Noodles without asking, I'd have been pissed, but it's about the manners and because you asked, i-I would love to share my Mr. Noodles with you."

"Thanks."

"Get the hell in this kitchen man. We are gonna have some FUCKIN' NOODLES. You and me man, we're gonna get along just fineâ€| Oh! What's your name?

\*\*End of CH 4\*\*

## 6. The Hangout

CH 5 The Hangout

Anthony and Chad's apartment

"642319. Got it, okay so what is this?"

"That's our new phone number in case you need me for anything. You sure you can remember?"

"Yeah it's written down right here."

"Good, okay well I'll let you go, bye."

"Bye."

I hung up the phone to end my conversation with my mom.

"Sorry about that."

"Oh no, it's cool man. So do you have like a job?"

"Uh no, not yet, I have a degree in computer sciences though."

"Ah no shit? That's Rad man. You know there's a video game store a couple blocks from here that I think is hiring. You should check out there to hold out until you work for like, fuckin' NASA man."

We both paused unsure what to say next.

"You know I could just eat noodles nonstop."

"You got anything to drink?"

"Yeah man, there's a ton of shit in the fridge."

"Thanks."

I got up, walked to the fridge, then opened it.

"Hey, is this all beer?"

"For real man."

"Oh, I thought when you said you had a ton of stuff you meant, a large variety."

"No it's just, a lot of beer."

"You have anything that like, isn't beer?"

"You want something without alcohol, like what?"

"Like water."

He laughed.

"Oh yeah water! Sorry I haven't had a non-alcoholic drink in forever, it's been so long. Well th-there's tap water from the sink."

"it's alright never mind."

Silence. Again.

"So are you always like, drunk or baked or whatever?"

"Yeah."

"You're never sober?"

"Heh, no. You know how people can't remember what life was like before the internet came out? That's me with sobriety, and the munchies. Oh man you want some nachos?"

"Uh, sure."

"Oh man I love nachos. Wait never mind I'm out of nacho cheese."

Hahaha, notchoo cheese, notchoo cheese, it's NATCHYO CHEESE, IT'S MY CHEESE, NATCHYO CHEESE, HAHAHA. Come on we're playing brawl. You got a lighter?"

\_\*\*Later that day\*\*\_

I was coughing uncontrollably with Chad playing suber smash brothers brawl the house was filled with smoke.

Chad spoke up.

"We need more players. Do we know people?"

\_\*\*Still later\*\*\_

Next thing I knew Pete was next to us on the couch.

"Of course peter picks snake as usual."

"WAS? (SO?)"

"This is you peter, you, NOW, CH CHICK POOF, NOW, CH CHICK POOF, NOW, CH CHICK POOF."

"asl hist si oui, al sni snuble, cob bet snoba, al sni snuble! (well this is you, you're too slow, c'mon step it up, you're too slow!)"

"Hey it's not funny or cool when you do it okay? You can't speak English!"

"abl winle fuplin! (Pick a fucking level!)"

"I am!"

"askel, fin destle, won oui anc sinp runa cab ort ikl a fuplin fgna! (Awesome, final destination, now you can spin around and run like a fucking faggot!)"

"I'm peter I don't speak English, I only speak covenant, arghhghlaalal."

Silence.

"This sucks, we need four players, do we know anymore people?"

"Uh, Oh I know."

\_\*\*Still later\*\*\_

Now we have a hobo with us isn't that just great.

"What is this?"

"It's a video game!"

"My thing won't work.

"Gotta press the on button. The one in the middle with the blue house on it."

"He's outta batteries, get some batteries! Peter."

"gow. (What?)"

"Get this guy some batteries from the kitchen."

"ol mag mel mufan meng doh toh. (Oh man I feel really crazy right now.)"

"Same man."

"Get some batteries peter I want to play this fucking game!"

"alo alo nero oh, bish. (alright alright hold on, shit .)"

"What's that smell?"

"Chad smokes."

"ey hwo's gonaw helws rea deesa? (Hey who's wagon wheels are these?)"

"They're mine, don't touch them!"

"We should just play until peter comes back."

"mi aetnig ouir gonaw hewls! (I'm eating your wagon wheels!)"

"Hey! Don't eat them!"

"chell doe rese, um ulm! (These are delicious, yum yummy!)"

There was a loud crash from the kitchen.

"The hell was that?"

"Someone go see."

The hobo got up and walked to the kitchen.

"I think peter's dead."

"The fuck? Dude he probably just passed out from all the smoke."

"Ha ha ha. Yeah."

"where's the phone? I have to call 911."

"What the fuck don't bring the 5-0 here the house is smoky as shit!"

"Dow ewer no wel fo shaf. (dude it feels like my brain has been in a washing machine.)"

"Never mind peter's not dead."

"as kief niroka. (I'm ordering pizza.)"

"Pizza number's written on the fridge, I'm not paying!"

"Dude let's just play."

"Yeah."

"Azu, sneb sib ya? (Hello, is this pizza?)"

"At seb sib? (Who is this?)"

"All shal ah gir buten. (Don't call here again.)"

"gop pew do sen der cook! (Go belly dive in to an ocean of cocks!)"

Peter came back.

"Who's that?"

"da ledl woul tle em ave pizel. (The lady wouldn't let me have pizza.)"

"What place did you call?"

"da numbl oln da cuotrn. (The number on the counter.)"

"The pizza numbers were on the fridge!"

"AW, DUDE YOU JUST CALLED MY MOM!"

"You told my mother to do a belly dive into a ocean of cocks!"

"Hahahehha."

"You know I think I'm gonna walk around the neighborhood maybe check out that video game store you were talking about."

"Oh, fuckin A man well good luck."

"Just take my controller peter."

"I sah suna kalt ka tof mer. (I was gonna take it anyway.)"

"You're such an asshole dude."

"ouir na saaloh! (You're an asshole!)"

"At least I don't have a SPLIT JAW!"

\*\*End of CH 5\*\*

End  
file.